

Caught by ElevenEggos

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Byler is my otp, Fluff, I Will Go Down With This Ship, Joyce Byers is a good mom, M/M, Minor Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, byler

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-07-20

Updated: 2018-07-20

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:14:40

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,032

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Joyce Byers knows there's something going on with her son, but she can't figure out what...

Caught

Author's Note:

So... this is my first time writing a fanfic... I hope it doesn't suck ;)

Also if you couldn't already tell, I live for Byler.

So far, Joyce Byers has had a regular week.

She would get up, wake her sons up, make them breakfast, get them to school, go to work, come home, take a shower, and go to bed.

She woke up around 6am this morning. It was Friday, October 11, 1986.

Joyce walked into Will's bedroom and gently shook him awake. He looked at her groggily.

"Good morning, honey." She smiled. He smiled back, as always.

"Is it Friday?" He asked her, stretching his legs out under the blanket.

"It is." She replied. Will's smile widened. Fridays were his favorite days. Mike would have him over to spend the night, or vice versa.

For the past couple of weeks, Joyce noticed there seemed to be something different between Mike and Will, different than there was between Will and Lucas, for example. But she couldn't put her finger on it. She figured it was nothing to worry about; maybe it was only because they had known each other for the longest.

After she made sure Jonathan was up, she left them to get ready and went to make their breakfast.

It was a fairly cold day, so Joyce offered to drive them to school. They gratefully accepted. Jonathan and Will compromised on one radio station and both grinned eagerly when a song from The Clash started playing.

After dropping them off, Joyce decided to head to the police station before going to work. Nothing was wrong, she just wanted to see

Hopper before starting her shift.

He greeted her warmly with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. They had been together since a few days after the school's snowball dance. Hopper had been thinking about the scene in the parking lot-where he had comforted her-and decided to just cut the bullshit and just ask her on a date. She had happily said yes, and they got together the week after.

Joyce finally got to work, where it was a rather quiet day. Nothing happened that was out of the ordinary, except when two kids from Will's school-she recognized one of them as Troy, who had bullied Will and his friends for years-skipped school to rent a movie that she didn't even think kids their age should watch. She made a mental note to call the school about it later.

It was almost 5:00 when she got off. Early. Normally, she got off at 6:30, but she was never one to complain.

When Joyce pulled up to the house and stepped out of her car, she noticed it felt warmer outside. It was only a few degrees warmer, but she thought it was the perfect temperature. She also noticed Mike's bike on the porch.

She walked in to a quiet house. The only noise was the faint sound of a movie playing in Will's bedroom.

As Joyce dumped the coffee pot from that morning into the sink, she wondered if she should check in on Will and Mike. They were fourteen, old enough to not need to be checked on, but she still had that knot of anxiety in her stomach. Mother's anxiety, she called it. Not exactly overprotective, but paranoid.

She was walking down the hallway to his room when she heard faint noise, other than the television, that always almost like... giggling? Yes, one of them (or both, she couldn't quite tell) was giggling. A sound she didn't think high school boys made. The door was opened enough so she could look in, without pushing it open any wider. Peering into Will's room, she saw something that made her stomach flip and her heart soar at the same time.

The two boys were sitting on Will's bed, well, Mike was, anyway. Will was sitting on Mike's lap. Joyce didn't know how to feel about that.

But she also didn't know how to feel about the fact that Mike's lips were connected with her son's, his hands rested on Will's waist, and Will's hands were in the dark locks of Mike's hair. They moved in sync, Mike moving from Will's lips to his cheek, kissing softly and sweetly along his jawline. Will giggled softly.

Joyce suddenly understood her son's change in behavior, why he was happier and actually wanting to go to school every day, as most kids didn't. Will and Mike, they were... dating.

Of course. She had known they had been close - closer than most "friendships" she'd seen, but this close? How long had this been going on? And why hadn't Will ever told her?

She didn't want to ruin the moment, but she pushed the door open, causing it to creak loudly. Mike and Will jumped up from the bed simultaneously. Will froze in place, while Mike's face turned from pale to a bright red in an instant.

"Will...?" Joyce said, cautiously.

"M-Mom..." Will squeaked, staring at the floor.

"We - uh - this - this isn't..." Mike trailed off. He was lost for words.

"Will, look at me." Joyce said sternly, and Will slowly lifted his head to face her. His face was as red as Mike's, and she thought he looked as if he could cry.

"How long?" she asked plainly.

"Um... three or four months, maybe." Will said quietly.

"And why didn't you tell me?"

"I-I didn't think you would be okay with it." he admitted softly.

"Will, of course I would. I kind of assumed it, really. Anyway, a person miles away could tell there was something going on between you two. I've had parents from your school ask me if you were

dating.” she paused, studying their facial expressions. Mike seemed to have relaxed a bit, but Will was still tense. “Please, don’t hide something like this from me. I’m your mom. What did you think I would do? Kick you out?” Will shrugged hesitantly, then nodded. Joyce laughed.

“Sweetie, I’m not... your dad. And, I want you to be happy.”

“I - um - okay... thank you?” Will said, clearly surprised by the circumstances.

“Just keep that down.” she smiled. She started to close the door when she turned to Mike. “Mike, Karen and I have talked about it. Even Nancy notices when Will wears your sweaters.”

Author's Note:

Well. What do you think, is this okay?

Also, should I write more fanfics about Byler?